

During the length of this annual document, the Court docket, for the term commencing on next Tuesday, and many other local matters of both general and special interest, are unavoidably omitted.

Wood County Agricultural Society.

Annual Report of the Treasurer of the Wood County Agricultural Society is as follows: Balance in bank, \$1,495.22
Balance in hands of estate, John Bates 217.42
Amount received from County Treasurer 217.42
Receipts at Fair in October, 1867 50.23

Total Debts \$1,652.63

Paid balance of premiums of 217.42

Ex-husband, nails and incident 417.49

Palms premiums of 1854 238.98

Total credits \$726.19

Balance in Treasury 217.45

In this balance \$21.45 is in my hands, and \$21.45 is in the hands of the Executrix of the estate of John Bates, Ex-Treasurer, deceased.

JAMES W. ROSS,
Texas Wood County Agricultural Society.

Perryburg, Ohio, January 1, 1868.

(Written for the Perryburg Journal.)

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY ERIC LACEY SPURGEON.

Oh! the glad New Year!
Oh! the happy New Year!

Oh! the bright New Year, with its welcome!

How our gay hearts bound,
To the gladome sound;

With the glee of joy in its coming time,

Oh! the year we are greeting is stronger, and
newer, and bolder.

But our hearts are warm, and our welcome
true.

Oh! how much do we bring!

On your sunny wings,

Of present pleasure, come your hearts to clasp!

Is the child of death?

Oh! the wavy breath?

Oh! who can tell us what New Year waits?

Oh! the joy of life, the love of home,

That is bid in the coming days, I know.

But we will not think

Of the fourth brink,

Nor like onward drifts, from the future shrink;

Let us clasp all gloom,

From the heart and bone,

There is time to grieve when the shadows

come,

Greet the glad New Year with a smile today,

And welcome him in with what cheer you may.

May the Happy New Year,

Bliss each heart with cheer—

Class from every ev'ry the surviving tear;

May the bright sunshines,

Ring out the new year,

And such hearts to glad, and as free as we;

Drive care and pain from each weary bane,

But we must not forget,

Or the fourth brink,

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